

Commercial Fertilizers.

It pays to use Commercial Fertilizer, but it pays handsomely to use the right kind and use it in the right way. It is binding upon every progressive farmer to carefully study the characteristics of his soil, and by observations and experiments, be able to determine what the soil needs in the way of Fertilizer, and supply a Fertilizer containing such ingredients as counteract the deficiency in the soil.

If speaking from a selfish standpoint we would say that the secret of making money on the intensive plan of farming, rests only with the use of Commercial Fertilizers, but this statement cannot honestly be made because Fertilizers is only half the fight. It is necessary that more enlightened methods of agriculture be practiced in connection with the use of Fertilizers, as it is possible to get the best results only when backed up by good farming.

Our goods are nothing more than honest mixtures of high grade Acid Phosphate, Prime Cotton Seed Meal and German Kainit. Its plant food is well distributed and our grades are well balanced and thoroughly reliable. "Honest Mixture" is our motto. Had to enlarge our Factory not long ago.

Use **Columbus Home Made**. 10-2-11, for cotton on stiff land or lands with a clay sub-soil close to the top. This is our leading brand and has proven very popular wherever introduced.

Our new brand **Sandy Land Special**, 7-2-4, is highly recommended for thin sandy soil and all lands where cotton has a tendency to shed, blight and rust.

Our **Refuge Corn Special** beats the world under corn. We keep on hand at all times Nitrate of Soda, Sulphate of Ammonia, Muriate and Sulphate of Potash, German Kainit, Acid Phosphate, and other materials.

We invite correspondence with those interested in the Fertilizer question and the principles of plant nutrition.

Since the Confederate Soldiers returned from the almost ceaseless battles of 1861 to 65, weary in body and mind, and with little or no facilities "made green corn grow in June where blood flowed freely in March and April,"—we, of this day and generation, should do wonders with the facilities at hand, especially the good friend of the farming public, Commercial Fertilizer, a mortgage lifter, a road to prosperity and creator of happiness.

Your patronage is solicited.

The Refuge Cotton Oil Company,

MANUFACTURERS

Columbus

Miss.

We have submitted bids on eleven Confederate Monuments in Mississippi and have secured contracts for ten.

These Monuments are made of best Southern material and manufactured in Mississippi.

Don't place an order for anything from a simple monument to the most expensive till you write us for designs and prices.

Agents wanted in every community.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Columbus Marble Works,

Columbus, Miss.

OUR MONUMENT

of success is the natural result of our Square Dealing, High Quality of Goods, and Low Prices.

JOHNSTON & CAINE,

DRUGGISTS.

'Phone 229.

MERIDIAN FERTILIZERS

For over twenty years MERIDIAN FERTILIZERS have been used to increase the yield of Corn, Cotton and Vegetables. Two hundred pounds per acre doubles the yield. Over 100,000 successful farmers used MERIDIAN FERTILIZERS last year. To easily distinguish them from others A RED TAG is printed on each sack. The popular brands are Meridian Home Mixture, Meridian Blood and Bone, Meridian Farmers Friend, Meridian Ham Bone.

All other kinds of fertilizer materials for sale also.

Address:

MERIDIAN FERTILIZER FACTORY, Meridian, Mississippi, or Hattiesburg, Mississippi.

In The Border States.

Webb, Miss., March 4, 1865. Having been asked by the president of the Wm. Fitzgerald Chapter U. D. C. to write some experiences during the sixties for the Mississippi paper, realizing that our work is promised "love and truth," it behooves us to list in establishing a history of the war. This is my apology for the offering, very personal as it has to be on account of location. I cannot rehearse those terrible realities without most an outburst of thanksgiving war is over with us.

Let every woman's heart, north, south, echo this reminder, "Lord of hosts, be with us yet, lest we forget the horrors of the war." Lifting the curtain, we go back to border counties of Missouri for a story, Jackson and Cass, the great sufferers, comprised of southern families, beautiful homes, broad acres, fine land, stocked with thoroughbred in every domestic line.

We see them devastated, ten down, stock driven off or shot, barns and every vestige of house, chicken coops, burned. The men gone and many beneath the sod in places of burial (if any) unknown to loved ones. The wives and children were given ten days in which to make their escape in that "hellish" way known as Nell's Order, No. 11. I remember one bleak October of 1863 a dilapidated two-wheeled carriage appeared in front of our home, drawn by two oxen, or yearlings as they were. An aged man riding a pony, an old lady shaking with palsy, so thin and she was nearly frozen, two pretty young girls walking completed the outfit. A thrilling story of how they gathered the little they then possessed of debris from the burning and destruction of their once lovely home. This was sufficient to insure shelter. The problem was how to supply food for a family, which was quite an item at that time with the writer. Our farm was in Lafayette county, twenty-five miles east from Lexington, the county seat, where a regiment of federal soldiers (under Col. McFerrer) were stationed. We had no terror of Col. McFerrer. It was often jokingly said that he and Quantrell's band of Confederate guerrillas played games between fights on the opposite side of the Missouri river. Unfortunately we were only six miles from Concordia, where a company of federal home guards, so-called, erected a fort and foraged from our place and others. At the time of my husband's departure with Gen. Joe Shelby in the fall of '62 we had 500 barrels of corn, six large oat stacks, several hundred bushels of wheat in the barn, which was daily appropriated by that gallant band. I was called to the sick bed of my mother, ten miles in the country. During my absence they not only hauled with their own teams, as they had been doing, but had our negroes and wagons with ox teams busily going. They also robbed the house of comforts, blankets, quilts, my husband's bedding suit and other valuables. The next morning they rolled up, leaving orders to bring with the next load, but a heavy rain storm intervened. Right here is a case of negro fidelity that is worthy of mention. Lewis, our foreman on the place, walked after night ten miles through mud up to his knees most of the way to tell me what those fellows were doing. The poor negroes seemed to feel so troubled because they could not prevent the robbery. We could only go on an ox cart, because the roads were bottomless. It took us five hours to get home. That afternoon I rode horseback four miles to Mr. Wm. Priggmore's, a Union man, broad in principle, granting to others the privilege he took for himself of differing in thought. He had been a staunch friend and protector to our husbands in the neighborhood and so ready to advise their wives. I requested him to go with me to Lexington to see Col. McFerrer and report those thieves. He willingly said, "I will go. You could not stand that long horseback ride over these roads." He went and an order was issued forbidding any passing to or from Concordia, Davis creek being the "dead line." After this kindness we had no more thieving, but often fed soldiers and witnessed skirmishes between bushwhackers and federal scouts, which my refugees thoroughly enjoyed. I must say for them they proved very useful and companionable to me, as I was entirely alone with two babies, and the negroes my only home protectors. As I write the sweet songs of those dear girls echo in memory, especially our favorites, "Dixie" and "I'm a Poor Rebel and Far From My Home." Mr. Fitzpatrick, the father, succeeded in getting a small subscription school, which aided them. I found the dear old lady useful to mother and grandmother in our little home. But the question of bread became alarming, as my larder was empty. However, the plan that was practiced during Christ's life was adopted by our neighborhood. Those who had kindly divided, as did our friend, Mr. Priggmore, giving wheat and corn.

Hearing that the mills adjacent were under martial law because of the report of Price's raid, two women and myself went in an ox cart twenty-five miles to a flouring mill. This trip was tedious because of our load and the condition of the roads. It was after night when we arrived. I was suffering with a severe sick headache. Mr. Vivian, the owner of the mill, being asked for directions to a hotel took us to his spacious home. The wife and daughter kindly administered to our comfort. The third day, starting for home, asking for our bill, no charge was made and no toll taken from our grain, which is still remembered with gratitude. On returning with the precious load a hiding place from scouting soldiers was planned and executed by my faithful "Friday." He made a box with lid (leather hinges) for the meal. The flour was put in a zinc trunk, lined. He dug a vault in the garden, and so neatly covered the place it was beyond suspicion. It proved a valuable hiding place for meat and other things. We had a woods pasture which secured our cows, and in that way we had milk and butter. Another horror appears. One lovely October morning

One of my neighbors, an old man who had lived in the cotton states, got some cotton seed for me, also showing me how to grow it. He then made a little machine with rollers to separate the seed from the lint cotton. It had a crank at each end, and required three people to manipulate it, as the handles turned in opposite directions. One fed the cotton. It was faster than picking out the seed by hand. I often regret not having kept the little machine. I also raised hemp and wool, making all our own cloth.

MRS. LUCY TURNER BARBEE.

Webb, Miss. Belle Boyd, The Woman Spy. The story of Belle Boyd, the woman spy, is a story of patriotism, courage and sacrifice. She was a young girl when she joined the Confederate army, and she served with distinction throughout the war. Her story is a true one, and it is a story that should be known by every citizen of the South.

MRS. LUCY TURNER BARBEE.

Webb, Miss.

Belle Boyd, The Woman Spy.

The story of Belle Boyd, the woman spy, is a story of patriotism, courage and sacrifice. She was a young girl when she joined the Confederate army, and she served with distinction throughout the war. Her story is a true one, and it is a story that should be known by every citizen of the South.

MRS. LUCY TURNER BARBEE.

Webb, Miss.

Belle Boyd, The Woman Spy.

The story of Belle Boyd, the woman spy, is a story of patriotism, courage and sacrifice. She was a young girl when she joined the Confederate army, and she served with distinction throughout the war. Her story is a true one, and it is a story that should be known by every citizen of the South.

MRS. LUCY TURNER BARBEE.

Webb, Miss.

Belle Boyd, The Woman Spy.

The story of Belle Boyd, the woman spy, is a story of patriotism, courage and sacrifice. She was a young girl when she joined the Confederate army, and she served with distinction throughout the war. Her story is a true one, and it is a story that should be known by every citizen of the South.

MRS. LUCY TURNER BARBEE.

Webb, Miss.

Belle Boyd, The Woman Spy.

The story of Belle Boyd, the woman spy, is a story of patriotism, courage and sacrifice. She was a young girl when she joined the Confederate army, and she served with distinction throughout the war. Her story is a true one, and it is a story that should be known by every citizen of the South.

MRS. LUCY TURNER BARBEE.

Webb, Miss.

Belle Boyd, The Woman Spy.

The story of Belle Boyd, the woman spy, is a story of patriotism, courage and sacrifice. She was a young girl when she joined the Confederate army, and she served with distinction throughout the war. Her story is a true one, and it is a story that should be known by every citizen of the South.

MRS. LUCY TURNER BARBEE.

Webb, Miss.

Belle Boyd, The Woman Spy.

The story of Belle Boyd, the woman spy, is a story of patriotism, courage and sacrifice. She was a young girl when she joined the Confederate army, and she served with distinction throughout the war. Her story is a true one, and it is a story that should be known by every citizen of the South.

MRS. LUCY TURNER BARBEE.

Webb, Miss.

Belle Boyd, The Woman Spy.

The story of Belle Boyd, the woman spy, is a story of patriotism, courage and sacrifice. She was a young girl when she joined the Confederate army, and she served with distinction throughout the war. Her story is a true one, and it is a story that should be known by every citizen of the South.

MRS. LUCY TURNER BARBEE.

Webb, Miss.

Belle Boyd, The Woman Spy.

The story of Belle Boyd, the woman spy, is a story of patriotism, courage and sacrifice. She was a young girl when she joined the Confederate army, and she served with distinction throughout the war. Her story is a true one, and it is a story that should be known by every citizen of the South.

MRS. LUCY TURNER BARBEE.

Webb, Miss.

Belle Boyd, The Woman Spy.

The story of Belle Boyd, the woman spy, is a story of patriotism, courage and sacrifice. She was a young girl when she joined the Confederate army, and she served with distinction throughout the war. Her story is a true one, and it is a story that should be known by every citizen of the South.

MRS. LUCY TURNER BARBEE.

Webb, Miss.

Belle Boyd, The Woman Spy.

The story of Belle Boyd, the woman spy, is a story of patriotism, courage and sacrifice. She was a young girl when she joined the Confederate army, and she served with distinction throughout the war. Her story is a true one, and it is a story that should be known by every citizen of the South.

MRS. LUCY TURNER BARBEE.

Webb, Miss.

Belle Boyd, The Woman Spy.

The story of Belle Boyd, the woman spy, is a story of patriotism, courage and sacrifice. She was a young girl when she joined the Confederate army, and she served with distinction throughout the war. Her story is a true one, and it is a story that should be known by every citizen of the South.

MRS. LUCY TURNER BARBEE.

Webb, Miss.

Belle Boyd, The Woman Spy.

The story of Belle Boyd, the woman spy, is a story of patriotism, courage and sacrifice. She was a young girl when she joined the Confederate army, and she served with distinction throughout the war. Her story is a true one, and it is a story that should be known by every citizen of the South.

MRS. LUCY TURNER BARBEE.

Webb, Miss.

Belle Boyd, The Woman Spy.

The story of Belle Boyd, the woman spy, is a story of patriotism, courage and sacrifice. She was a young girl when she joined the Confederate army, and she served with distinction throughout the war. Her story is a true one, and it is a story that should be known by every citizen of the South.

MRS. LUCY TURNER BARBEE.

Webb, Miss.

Belle Boyd, The Woman Spy.

The story of Belle Boyd, the woman spy, is a story of patriotism, courage and sacrifice. She was a young girl when she joined the Confederate army, and she served with distinction throughout the war. Her story is a true one, and it is a story that should be known by every citizen of the South.

MRS. LUCY TURNER BARBEE.

Webb, Miss.

Belle Boyd, The Woman Spy.

The story of Belle Boyd, the woman spy, is a story of patriotism, courage and sacrifice. She was a young girl when she joined the Confederate army, and she served with distinction throughout the war. Her story is a true one, and it is a story that should be known by every citizen of the South.

MRS. LUCY TURNER BARBEE.

Webb, Miss.

Belle Boyd, The Woman Spy.

The story of Belle Boyd, the woman spy, is a story of patriotism, courage and sacrifice. She was a young girl when she joined the Confederate army, and she served with distinction throughout the war. Her story is a true one, and it is a story that should be known by every citizen of the South.

MRS. LUCY TURNER BARBEE.

The Women of West Point, Mississippi.

Among southern women few have been more closely associated with the Confederacy in its true spirit of devotion than the subject of this sketch. It was during those years of hardships and privations that southern women showed their true worth. With husbands and brothers in the army, with starvation staring them in the face, they were uncomplaining and hopeful, and when the end came it was these same women who encouraged the men and kept them from despair.

Mrs. Evaline Kincheloe Wilsford, wife of Granville Turner Wilsford, was born in Lawrenceburg, Tenn., January 1, 1829. She was the daughter of John Beckham Stribling and Sophia Bumpass, who moved from South Carolina to Tennessee in the year 1822. John Beckham Stribling was the son of Clayton Stribling, who fought in the Revolutionary war. Mrs. Wilsford dates her lineage on both maternal and paternal sides to ancestors who were patriotic, and it was not strange that she should have selected for her life companion one of the same spirit. Granville Turner Wilsford, who served as lieutenant under Captain Kippatrick, with General Forrest in command. Being past the required age, he did not enlist until the second year of the war. Mr. and Mrs. Wilsford moved to West Point in 1861. They had ten children, the oldest, John Alexander, did active service in the war under Captain Cox, Duff's regiment, and was wounded at Harrisburg. With husband and oldest son in the war, the responsibilities resting on the mother at home were indeed great. The care of the children, of the home and negroes, carding, spinning and weaving and devising ways and means whereby supplies might be saved. The first consideration was always "the boys at the front." Their wants were supplied as far as possible, and the efforts of the men in the field were sustained by the courage of the women at home. The ladies of West Point, Miss., organized a society known as the "Soldiers' Aid." Their principal work was knitting socks, and wherever possible a box was sent to nearby companies. Mrs. Wilsford and Mrs. Calloway were the only ones who knew how to spin and weave, and it fell to their lot to teach others this art. Our soldiers were in and out of West Point all the time, as this was the main place that General Forrest secured corn for his horses. Only once did the Yankees take possession. The first intimation Mrs. Wilsford had of the coming of the Yankee soldiers was the smell of burning corn. All the corn in their path they could not use they set on fire. The women, thinking General Forrest would hold West Point, because of so many commissaries, prepared a great quantity of food, but he changed his plans and formed his men for fight in Shuquatchee bottom. Rather than give the food to the Yankees these patriotic mothers hid it in hogs and cows. Right here we will pay a tribute to a faithful negro who carried the horses and other stock to the bottom and hid them secretly. He served as a spy, coming to town in the day and carrying news of the Yankees.

There is a greater pleasure than to listen to the war experiences of the dear old southern mothers. Their reminiscences are interesting and thrilling, and it is our desire as daughters of the Confederacy to preserve them for future generations to read.

MRS. SOPHIA COTTELL. Daughter of Mrs. E. K. Wilsford, John M. Stone Chapter, U. D. C., West Point, Miss.

A Young Girl Captured By Negro Soldiers.

During the winter following the fall of Vicksburg I spent some weeks visiting friends in Yazoo county. We received our mail through the Federal transports (passenger steamers) that carried troops to and from Vicksburg, up and down the Yazoo river.

One morning a young man and myself started in a buggy to the place where we had heretofore received our mail. He had been a cripple from childhood and was unable to do active service in the southern army.

We were about two miles from home when we encountered a party of negro soldiers under the command of a young white lieutenant, and accompanied by a cotton speculator. They halted us at once and demanded our business, destination, etc. We surrendered, of course, and they forming a hollow square about our buggy carried us as prisoners to the river. When we reached the bank we were ordered to get out of the buggy, then four of the soldiers took the young man into custody. I was left alone at the mercy of our captors. The negroes declared that "dat white gal" should go on a transport that was loaded with only black troops. The young officer in command seemed powerless to influence them and advised me to submit, telling me that once on the transport the white officers would protect me. Only a girl alone in the hands of the enemy, I felt that I must avoid at any cost being taken on a boat crowded with soldiers. The negroes around me were cursing and making demonstrations of anger and their young commander could do nothing to pacify them. I had carried a pistol ever since these terrible war troubles had come upon us. It was my salvation now. Backing against a huge cypress tree, I took my little revolver from the pocket of my undershirt, cocked it and placing the muzzle to my breast, I declared that only my dead body should be taken on that boat. Consternation seemed to strike my captors and they for a few moments were quiet. Mr. Calhoun, my fellow captive, guarded by four armed negroes, could do nothing. Glancing along the river bank I saw several ladies on the front gallery of a house about fifty yards distant. They were watching the scene in silent anxiety. Taking advantage of the moment I proposed to the soldiers to take me to the house and leave me under guard, while Mr. Calhoun went with them to the boat. After what seemed to me an eternity of argument among them, they consented and told me to go ahead and they would follow.

"No," I replied, "you will go ahead and I will follow and the first man who turns back toward me will get hurt." Well, I marched the whole bunch up to that house, carrying my six-shooter in my hand. Four white soldiers were brought from the transport to guard the slender girl prisoner and Mr. Calhoun was taken before the officers in command. He had what was called his "protection papers" from Gen. McPherson, guaranteeing his safety among Federal soldiers. They kept him on the boat for four or five hours, then released him, set me at liberty and allowed us to return home. It was nine o'clock when we drove through the big gate at "No Mistake" plantation.

We found my hostess, Mrs. Partee, walking the long front piazza, almost frantic from anxiety about us. We learned afterwards that the party were in quest of cotton belonging to Mrs. Partee, that had been hidden in the woods. When they found it they were much chagrined and greatly infuriated to discover that it was covered by protection from Gen. McPherson. Not daring to touch it they vented their anger and disappointment on Mrs. Partee's nephew and myself.

This took place about forty miles north of Vicksburg, the day after following the surrender. If any of the elder members of Mrs. Partee's family are still living they will verify this statement.

MARY HUNT MCALEER.

Extra Copies.

Extra copies of this Woman's Supplement will be mailed on receipt of 10 cents. Address Gen. C. Irvine Walker, Special Rep. U. S. C. V. and Ch. Com. U. C. V., Charleston, S. C.

As a part ration corn is a good poultry feed, but as the sole ration, such as the practice of some farmers, it is one of the worst possible feeds.

Sheep like other animals enjoy variety in their food. Feed a little wheat bran occasionally.

A good watch dog is rather to be chosen than a neighbor who rubbers.